

1975: Heaven's Cure

What evil threat of fate is thus unwoven
To deny her equal spoils in Herme's quest,
But were it to herald others' fortunes
Would she then my Psyche's tears arrest?

Were never twists of love in cotton threaded
Then ne'er would Cupid's quiver, target reach.
And then forever blinded by this sorrow
Would she, as he, the mighty Zeus beseech?

Lament would she a thirst of love's elixer?
Or pray to Venus, a maiden fair and pure?
Ne, for should, by chance, Herm's arrow never pierce her
Then saved be mortal Earth from Heaven's cure.

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